

***Cara al Sol* (“Facing the Sun”)**

Facing the sun in my new shirt,
that you embroidered in red yesterday,
That's how death will find me if it takes me
and I won't see you again.

I'll take my place alongside my companions
who stand on guard in the heavens,
with a hard countenance,
they are present in our efforts.

If they tell you that I fell,
know that I went to my post up there.

Victorious flags will return
at the merry step of peace
and will wear pinned five roses:
the arrows of my quiver.

Spring will return laughing again,
which is awaited by air, land and sea.

Onwards, squadrons, to victory,
that a new day dawns in Spain!